*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speak.
*Rom.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
*Fri.* Ile give thee armour to keepe off that word,
Adversities sweet milke, Philosophy,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
*Rom.* Yet banished? hang up Philosophy,
Unlesse Philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a towne, reverse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more.
*Fri.* O then I see that mad men have no eares.
*Rom.* How should they, when wise men have no eyes?
*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
*Rom.* Thou canst not speake of that thou do'st not feele.
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy haire,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Nurse knockes.*

*Fri.* Arise, one knockes, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
*Rom.* Not I, unlesse the breath of heart-sicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

*Knocke.*

*Fri.* Harke how they knocke (who's there?) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken (stay a while) stand up.

*Knocke againe.*

Run to my study (by and by) Gods will,
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

*Knocke.*

Who knockes so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nur.* Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.
*Fri.* Welcome then.
*Nur.* O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's



Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
*Fri.* There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
*Nur.* O, he is even in my Mistresse case,
Just in her case: O wofull simpathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lyes she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring:
Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man,
For *Juliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?
*Rom.* Nurse.
*Nur.* Ah sir, ah sir, death is the end of all.
*Rom.* Spak'st thou of *Juliet*? how ist with her?
Doth she not thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the child-head of our joy,
With blood remov'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld love?
*Nur.* Oh, she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weepes,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
*Rom.* As if that name shot from the deadly levell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curs'ed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art,
Thy teares are womanish, thy wilde acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me: By my holy Order
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?



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